

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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NUMBER 7

POETRY.

ASHES.

I saw the gardener bring and strow
Gray ashes where bluish roses grew,
The fair still roses bent them low,
Their pink cheeks dimpled all with dew,
And seemed to view with pitying air
The dim gray atoms lying there.
Ah! bonny rose, all fragrances,
And life and hope and quick desires,
What can you need or gain from this?
Poor ghosts of long forgotten fires?
The rose tree leans, the rose tree sighs?
And waits this answer subtly wise:
"All death, all life are mixed and blent,
Out of dead lives fresh life is sent;
Sorrow to those are growth for me,
And who shall question God's decree?"

Ah, dreary life, whose gladsome spark
No longer lingers in song and fire,
But lies in ashes gray and stark,
Defeated hopes and dead desire,
Useless and dull and all bereft—
Take courage, this one thing is left,
Some happier life may use thee so,
Some flower bloom fairer on its tree,
Some sweet or tender thing may grow
To flower life because of thee,
Content to play an humble part,
Give of the ashes of thy heart,
And happy God, whose dear decrees
Takes from those to give to these,
Who draws the snow-drop from the snows,
May from those ashes find a rose.

STORY TELLER.

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

"No, I won't!" said Theodora Reed, impatiently; "I won't! so there's an end of the matter!"

Theodora was busy making pear marmalade, with a pocket-handkerchief fastened, Beatrice Cenci fashion, over her luxuriant brown tresses, a huge, checked apron enveloping her trim little figure, and sleeves rolled up above the elbow.

Deacon Powers stood opposite, nervously feeling of his bristly chin.

Theodora was young and pretty, with limpid, hazel eyes, rosy lips, and rings of brown hair straying like floss silk over her temples.

Deacon Powers was elderly and wrinkled, with an indescribable sharpness in his face, as if it had worn away in contact with the world.

"It's getting to be an imposition," said Theodora, brusquely. "Last week we had two tract-distributors here, and week before that old Doctor Dodginton and his wife and three children stayed here five days, so that it should be convenient for the semi-annual convention. In fact, I don't remember a single month without company since we have lived at the parsonage. And we have no girl now, and papa has the neuralgia; so you must tell this young clergyman to go somewhere else. I won't have him here!"

"But, my dear Miss Reed!"—
"I'm not your 'dear Miss Reed'!" said Theodora, vehemently. "If I was, you would try to spare me a little of this annoyance. Yes, I know I am the minister's daughter, and as such am expected to have neither feelings nor preference, nor sensibilities of any kind. But I'm human, after all; and I decline to keep a perpetual free hotel for every one who comes in this direction."

"Your predecessor, Miss Reed—the lamented Mrs. Smiley—was never adverse to entertaining the saints," reproachfully attested the deacon. "Her door was ever open, and her amiable hospitality!"

"Oh, yes, I know," said Theodora. "And she died at forty. I intend to live a great deal longer than that. She was killed by sewing-societies and company; and Dorcas meetings. I've had enough of that sort of thing, and I mean to stop. If the church people wish papa to entertain all creation they must raise his salary—that's all."

"But, my good young friend!"—
At that moment, however, a third person unexpectedly appeared upon the scene. The door between the parlor and kitchen, which had, unperceived by Miss Reed and Deacon Power, stood slightly ajar, opened—a tall, frank-faced young man stood there, with a decided color on his cheeks.

"Deacon Powers," said he, "pray assure this young lady that I will not trespass on her hospitality. Perhaps we had better go on to the next place at once."

There was something in his air and manner which caused the deacon to shoot out of the kitchen like an arrow from the bow, and the next moment Theodora was alone.

She colored and bit her lip.
"It's all true," she said. "Every word of it. But I'm a little sorry he heard it. Perhaps he wasn't to blame, after all."

And Theodora went vigorously on with her pear marmalade, until the old clock in the corner struck eleven;

and then she poured out a cup of chocolate, and ran up stairs to her father's room.

Mr. Reed sat before his study table, with his temples resting on his hands, his elbows among the chaos of books and papers. She went to his side at once, and laid her hand on his head.

"Papa," she said, wistfully, "is your neuralgia worse?"
"Very much worse, Theo," he said, lifting his pain-glazed eyes to her eager, questioning young face. "I do not believe that I can preach to-morrow: I do not believe that I can even prepare a sermon."

Theodora looked aghast.
"But, papa," said she, "what can you do? Old Doctor Denton is out of town, and—"

"My dear," said the poor clergyman pressing his hands to his throbbing temples, "you must send a note to Mr. Hervey, and ask him to officiate in my place as a special favor."

"Who is Mr. Hervey?" said Theodora.
"I don't know," sighed Mr. Reed. "I only know that he was to be at Winfield this week. Most probably he will be at the Star hotel."

"Very well, papa," said Theodora, feigning a cheerfulness that she was very far from feeling. "Drink your chocolate now, there's a darling, and don't fret yourself, the least bit in the world, and I will see that all arrangements are made."

So she ran down stairs and set herself to thinking.
A substitute must be found for the morrow's pulpit, and here it was twelve o'clock on Saturday.

She sat down and wrote a little note, consulting the dictionary more than once to make sure of her orthography, and carefully copying the whole because of a spattering little blot which fell, as if of malice aforethought, directly across the second line.

"Dear Mr. Hervey:—Will you grant us the great favor of preaching in papa's place to-morrow? He is very ill with neuralgia, and is unable even to prepare a sermon. We shall be greatly obliged if you will dine with us to-morrow after church."

THEODORA REED.
And after satisfying herself that it was all quite right, she carried it herself to the Star hotel.

Mr. Hervey was not in; hadn't been in since morning.
But they would give him the note directly on his arrival; so Theodora hurried home again, and in the course of the afternoon a little colored boy from the hotel brought a card, on one side of which was engraved

"Hervey Hervey," while upon the other was written the words, "With the greatest of pleasure."

And the minister's daughter, "on hospitable thought intent," roasted a pair of chickens, collected the ingredients for a salad, made a peach pie and baked a loaf of bread, which was light, and white as sea-foam.

"I'll show him that the country girl understands good housekeeping," said Theo to herself.

Mr. Reed was not able to leave his sofa the next morning, so Theo put on her pretty blue-and-white muslin dress and the gipsy hat with the roses that became her delicate complexion so perfectly, and went to church, after seeing that the table was all spread for the cold dinner, and the coffee-pot simmering on the stove.

The church was full.
Mr. Hervey was a rising luminary in the theological horizon, and almost every one in Winfield had heard of him, so that there were no lack of an audience.

But to Theodora's ineffable dismay, the tall young man who walked so composedly out on the platform was no other than the frank-faced person who had stood on her kitchen threshold only the day before and overheard her diatribe on the subject of undesired guests.

Under the shadow of the roses she turned redder still.
"Oh, my tongue, my unlucky tongue!" she said, frantically, to herself. "I always knew it would lead me into trouble! What must he have thought!"

And, as may be inferred, Theodora's devotions—albeit, she was in reality a sweet, sincere little Christian—did not do her much good this morning.

Mr. Hervey came across into the parsonage when the sermon was over, and held out his hand to blushing Theodora.

"We meet again," said he, with a smile.
"I can't help it," burst out Theodora, in desperation. "I meant every word I said, Mr. Hervey; it

was all true. But—it didn't apply to you!"

"I understand," said he quietly. "I was a little nettled at the moment, for I merely wished for a temporary shelter, while they were refurbishing my room at the Star hotel. But I can easily see, now that I have thought the matter over in a new light, that a minister's family must be sadly pestered with volunteer guests. Pray think no more of it, Miss Reed."

And he spoke so frankly and pleasantly that Theo became quite at her ease, while he carved the chicken and she prepared the crisp lettuce and limpid oil for the salad.

He was taken up to Mr. Reed's sick room after dinner, and had a pleasant chat with him before the afternoon service.

"You have done me a great service, sir," said the elder clergyman, when at length he parted from his guest. "And we should esteem it a privilege—my little girl and I—if you would make it your home at the parsonage during your stay in town. Should we not, Theo?"

Theo hung down her head and turned pink to the very roots of her head.
"Yes," she said, almost inaudibly. "Only—I am ashamed to say so, Oh, papa," hiding her face on his shoulder. I have behaved so badly! I never should have taken it for granted that Mr. Hervey was like the rest!"

And then, infinitely to Mr. Hervey's amusement, she told the whole story of her interview with Deacon Powers. "My little girl is only a little girl," said he, "and sometimes forgets that the tongue is an unruly member. But she is like the best quality of wine; she will improve as she grows older."

Mr. Hervey spent the summer at Winfield. He was revising the proof sheets of a theological volume, and liked the quiet and seclusion of the village.

Perhaps, too, he liked something else about it. At all events, although he did not make the parsonage his home, he spent a good deal of his time there.

"Theo," he said one day—they had become fast friends by this time—"You have tasted so many of the petty trials and annoyances of being a minister's daughter, that I wonder if you would ever consent to be a minister's wife?"

"Well," said Theo, half laughing, half blushing, "it would depend a good deal upon who the minister was."

"Suppose it was Henry Hervey?"
"Do you really mean it?" said Theo, suddenly growing grave.

"It is strange, isn't it?" said he, "that I should lose my heart to such a little termagant as you proved yourself the first day I ever saw you?" But it is a foregone conclusion—I am entirely at your mercy. Sweet Theo, will you be my wife?"

And Theo placed her hand in his, with a lovely look of awe and happiness, and answered:
Deacon Powers could not comprehend it at all.

"If he marries such a high-tempered girl as that," said the deacon, "he does it at his peril. Why, I never was so berated in my life as I was that day at the parsonage."

"But, pa," said the deacon's daughter, "every woman finds her master sooner or later. Now, I think Theodora Reed has found hers."—*Helten Forrest Graves.*

Jefferson's Ten Rules.

The following rules for practical life were given by Mr. Jefferson in a letter of advice to the namesake, Thomas Jefferson Smith, in 1625.

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

2. Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.

3. Never spend your money before you have it.

4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.

5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.

6. We never repent of having eaten too little.

7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

8. How much pain have those evils cost us which never happened?

9. Take things always by their smooth handles.

10. When angry count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.—*Ex.*

The Tower of London.

The Tower of London, a royal residence, a court of justice and a prison, is now a government storehouse and armory, and an interesting show place for visitors. It is situated at the eastern extremity of the city and is separated from the thickly populated portion of London by what is called Tower Hill. It covers about twelve acres of ground is surrounded by a moat which, since 1843, has been used as a garden. On the river side is an entrance, the Traitor's gate, through which prisoners of state were conveyed in boats after their trial.

The most conspicuous part of the series of buildings enclosed by the moat is the White Tower, now said to have been shattered by the dynamiters. William the Conqueror was the authentic builder of the structure, which was subsequently improved upon by Henry III. Inside is the chapel of St. John, the most perfect specimen of the Norman architecture of England.

Surrounding the White Tower is a series of battlements, now used for government purposes, flanked by a number of smaller towers, many of which are celebrated for the captives who have been imprisoned in them. For instance, in the Well Tower Queen Elizabeth was immured, in the Devereux Tower the Earl of Essex, and in the White Tower Sir Raleigh.

In the Bloody Tower the sons of Edward IV. were murdered, and in Bowyer's Tower Clarence is supposed to have been drowned in a butt of malmsey wine. The Beauchamp Tower was probably built by Henry III. The latest occupants of the Tower as state prisoners were Sir Francis Burrell and the gang of ruffians known as the Cato street conspirators.

The tower is an / home of English history. Names famous in song and story are connected with it. In addition to its original use as a fortress, it was the residence of the monarchs of England down to the trial of Elizabeth.

Numerous are the kings, queens, warriors and statesmen, who have not only been imprisoned, but murdered within its walls. In addition to the names always mentioned are those of Lady Jane Grey, Catherine Howard, Anne Boleyn, Lord William Russell, the Protector Somerset, Sir Thomas Moore, William Wallace and King John of France, whose histories are familiar to all.

In the White Tower, the walls of which are fourteen feet thick, is Queen Elizabeth's armory, filled with arms and relics. Here is the room in which Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned, and here his son Carew was born. The block upon which Lord Lovat was beheaded is also here.

The old towers are very interesting, but only a few of them are open to the public. To visit the armories and Jewel House, one must expend a shilling on a ticket. When a sufficient number is collected the visitors are shown through by warders dressed as yeomen of the time of Henry VII.

The Horse Armory, built in 1826, is an extensive gallery, in which is a finely arranged collection of armor, used from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century. Among the suits shown are those worn by the Prince of Wales (son of James I.) Henry VIII, Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Charles I. and John of Gaunt.

The Jewel House, which is usually the shrine of American visitors, contains all the crown jewels of England, but they are enclosed in an immense case. Prominent among them is the crown made for the coronation of Queen Victoria at an expense of about \$600,000.

Among the profusion of diamonds is the large ruby worn by the black prince, the crown made for the coronation of Charles II., the crown of the prince of Wales, and that of the late prince consort. There is also a crown made for the coronation of the queen of James II. and there, likewise, is the sceptre. Here, too, is the silver gilt baptismal font in which is deposited the christening water for the royal children, and the celebrated Koh-i-noor diamond, the present property of Queen Victoria. A destructive fire occurred at the tower on the night of October 30, 1841. The flames broke out in the Bowyer tower, and before they could be got under completely destroyed the tower, the armory and other extensive buildings. The destruction of property was immense. The Butler's tower, at the east end of the armory, was gutted. The total loss was estimated at £1,000,000.

There are 2,750 languages.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

CHICAGO, January 30.—A romance of the late war was revived in the Police Court here yesterday. One day in the spring of 1865, when General Judson Kilpatrick's army was marching through South Carolina, an unusually engaging and pretty little woman came to the roadside and inquired for the General. To him she said she was a school teacher from Vermont, stranded by the war, asked the privilege of moving with his army. She was put into an ambulance, and subsequently occupied a family carriage "foraged" by the soldiers.

One day there was a new officer upon the General's staff, a boyish-looking fellow whose face had never yet needed a razor. He sat on his horse rather awkwardly at first, and even after many days was unable to arrive at the easy gait of the veteran cavalryman.

"Who is that young fellow?" would be the question along the ranks as the staff would sweep by on a gallop.

"That's Captain Charley," would be the remark with a wink. When the truth was known some men sneered, others bit their lips. All agreed it might have been expected. At any rate, it was no man's particular business. Very likely the General would provide for the girl when a railroad should be reached. "Captain Charley" rode with Kilpatrick through the Carolinas.

One day there was a stubborn fight, in which one regiment got separated from the main body. It was necessary that orders be sent it. Nobody cared to go, for the valley was swept with grape, canister and shells, but Captain Charley's black eyes were blazing. Tiring to Kilpatrick he said:

"Let me go, General."
"Go, then. Take low ground there in the hollow, and ride like the devil."

All watched the dapple-gray as he spun along an unused wagon track in the hollow. A redoubled roar of artillery and the sharp snap of rifles told it was no summer shower through which Captain Charley was riding. The rider disappeared and cessation of firing by the detached regiment told that the order had been delivered. Then came the regiment sweeping up the main road and a cleared field, their sabres flashing in the sun.

Captain Charley essayed to come back and join his chief. Just at the moment when the aid-de-camp reached the last elevation in his perilous path an enormous shell exploded, seemingly over his head. Captain Charley fell to the earth, but his well-trained and faithful horse stood fast. Half a dozen of the escort that now came up without orders rushed down the hill, picked up the unconscious body and conveyed it to a place of safety, where the brigade surgeon said no bones were broken, but that Captain Charley would never again hear the voices of loved ones. He was incurably deaf from concussion. The surgeon also indulged in some muttering concerning a General who would allow a woman to ride with his staff officers. "Captain Charley" had seen the last of the war.

A few days in the hospital restored her to health, but her deafness prevented her making a living at her former occupation. She drifted into the slums of Washington and New York, and lastly to Chicago. Dissipation made her an old woman before her time. She was arraigned to-day for being drunk and disorderly, and was sent to the House of Correction.

An Elephant on Duty.

There is a beautiful story of an old elephant engaged in a battle on the plains of India. He was standard-bearer, and carried on his huge back the royal ensign, the rallying point of the Poonah host. At the beginning of the fight he lost his master. The "mobot," or driver had just given him the word to halt when he received a fatal wound and fell to the ground, where he lay under a heap of slain.

The obedient elephant stood still while the battle closed around him and the standard he carried. He never stirred a foot, refusing to advance or retire, as the conflict became hotter and fiercer, until the Mahatras, seeing the standard still flying steadily in its place, refused to believe that they were being beaten, and rallied again and again around the colors.

And all this while, amid the din of battle, the patient animal stood straining its ears to catch the sound of that voice it would never hear again. At length the tide of the conquest left the field deserted. The Mahatras swept on in pursuit of the flying foe,

but the elephant, like a rock, stood there, with the dead and dying around and the ensign waving in its place. For three days and nights it remained where its master had given the command to halt. No bribe or threat could move it. They then sent to a village 100 miles away and brought the mahout's little son. The noble hero seemed then to remember how the driver had sometimes given his authority to the little child, and immediately, with all the shattered trappings clinging as he went, paced quietly and slowly away.—*Daily News.*

DANGERS OF KISSING.

Dr. Terry, of Utica, says lives are daily sacrificed and diseases are daily communicated by the promiscuous habit of kissing. As a custom, it should be abandoned by women in their greetings.

It is within my remembrance that a boy was suddenly stricken down with that direful malady, diphtheria. The mother kissed the son most affectionately, but it was the kiss of death for her. I have no doubt that other physicians have noted similar observations.

In the sacred precincts of the fireside when death has laid its relentless hands on one of its members, the common practice of kissing is liable to induce septicæmia, and thus other lives be exposed to the venomous sting of death. As you can see more easily the action of a drug when given in a large dose, so you will see more pointedly the danger arising from kissing by giving an illustration of a malignant disease.

There is no longer any doubt in regard to the inoculability and infectiousness of consumption. It is not an established fact that it is not contagious. When you remember that more die by its insidious hands than from any other cause, but few families and relatives of families can be exempt from it. This being true, should not persons visiting such unfortunate individuals do away with the accustomed mode of greeting by kissing? A disease, which has resisted the treatment of the most skilled up to the present day should be prevented, if possible. Is human life to be sacrificed for the sake of conforming to a custom? Change the custom, and other ways of greeting will be equally popular, and much more sensible and safe.

The bacillus of phthisis is a minute form of organized life, which acts so subtly that the introduction of it into the system would not be manifested by any immediate symptoms. As surely as "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," just as surely will the microscopical germs multiply in the organism in the most marvelous manner. Soon there will be a hacking cough, some elevation of the temperature, hoarseness or shallow voice, and the work of destruction now noticeable goes on until its victim can no longer resist its invasion and death claims the victory.

There is a disease more terrible than the two previously mentioned. It is peculiar to no grade in the social world; it is handed down "unto the third and fourth generations," when it gets thoroughly seated in the system, unless treatment be continued for years. It is more terrible than cancer, for that is not hereditary. It is constitutionally destructive, while cancer is more locally so. It eats away the palate, destroys the hearing, softens and disintegrates bones, and in its hereditary descent produces malformations of brain and body. It is known as syphilis. It exists very extensively in this country, but more so in other parts of the globe. A person may have the appearance of health, yet the system may be poisoned by it. Such a person kissing another upon the lips free from disease could communicate it. Every physician has seen these cases in hospitals or in private practice. Laying aside the question of hereditary, a dissolute husband may convey it to his wife, and she in turn to her children or lady friends through kissing.

Care should also be exercised in handling money, as it is frequently filthy and poisoned. The fingers coming in contact with the eyes, nose or mouth, are liable, under circumstances mentioned, to be the starting point of a constitutional disease.

Again, a frequent source of danger is traceable to saloons, where promiscuous drinking out of glasses not properly washed, had caused sores on the lips. The habit of washing glasses in a common sink is uncleanly, and cannot be too severely criticised. Every glass should be thoroughly showered

with fresh water before being used by a second person. Cups used at public watering places are dangerous unless thoroughly washed.

I feel called upon to refer to one other way of receiving disease. It is a degrading practice peculiar to young and middle-aged ladies. I refer to the handling, caressing and kissing of dogs. Think of it! Not only is this a method of introducing disease into otherwise healthy families, but it has its social effect; it makes bachelors and spinsters. I have wondered, when I have heard of engagements being broken, if the young man had not become disgusted by seeing his dear one give her little poodle a fond embrace and kiss before greeting him. Dogs have their places in this world, as other animals. They are not responsible for the fact that their anatomical make-up was not more complex, so that they could not use a handkerchief when necessary, and a tooth brush after eating.

A Wig-Maker's Romance.

A Washington wig-maker tells the following story: "There was fashionable wedding in the city not long ago, where a beautiful young girl married an old man and did not know it. And what is more, she lives with him now and has not found him out. The groom was a handsome man, and was looked upon as a young man in society, in which he figured quite prominently. He had a youthful face, was quick and erect, and by coloring his hair, which was snow white, he easily passed with the youngest. With his affable manner and gallantry he won the heart of the young girl he married from a number of other suitors, many of them young and handsome. The girl was very young, and a belle."

"Just before the wedding took place, the man came here and had his hair cut off and a wig made. Dyeing his hair had worked very well while courting, but when it came to getting married he knew he could not use dye without his wife finding it out, so he adopted a wig to get out of the difficulty. The idea of his young wife finding out that he was an old man nearly set him wild, and when he had gotten well settled under his wig he was the happiest man I ever saw. On his wedding day he was as frisky as a boy, and no one suspected his secret. This happened some months ago, and the bride has not yet found out that he is an old man and wears a wig, and she will probably never find out until old age asserts itself so strongly that it can no longer be concealed. They live here in the city now, and the secret is known probably to none save the groom and his hair-dresser."

A Headress of Sponge.

Did I not tell you some time ago, when I was writing up mushroom in satin, that if you waited long enough I would find something lower still than that vegetable to decorate your heads with? and lo! the useful sponge turns up just in the nick of time, as a fashion caprice, when the world seemed to have yielded up its last-to-be-thought-of ornament in the shape of fungi.

It's quite funny, as Lou Harrison would say, "very, very funny," this idea of wearing on your head the same thing with which you wash your head; but still the sponge as a novelty is immense—would it be more immense should the wearer of the same be caught in a shower.

As it is, the sponge is cut flat, and decorated with loops of gold thread stuck into the holes, as it would be, it would swell up under that shower, making the head appear as a cabbage, the golden loops retiring as animalculi within their soft cases. Oh! I would give—well, all I have in my purse—a new nickel to see the courageous woman who would go out in a rain-storm with a sponge on the top of her plate. Nevertheless, being a la mode you can make up a sponge chapeau awfully cheap. For example, I see old men carrying baskets full of the coarse kind along the streets. These are perfectly worthless as washers, but for capots—oh my! Think of it! You can beat down the man, who asks ten cents apiece, into giving you two for fifteen cents; four bits worth of gold thread, judiciously glued in loops into each hole; a yard or two of mock lace, touched up with a little gold bronze, and you have a bonnet fit for anyone. Even Langtry might be proud of the latest novelty.

God send them, and the evils bear patiently and sweetly, for this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday and are not born to-morrow.—*Taylor.*

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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This issue of the JOURNAL contains an interesting reprint of an article published in the New York World, of Sunday last. So far as it goes, the descriptions are truthful, and the sketches of individuals both terse and well written. (The only fault we can find is that so many eminent deaf-mutes have been overlooked. This discrepancy is all the more conspicuous when it is considered that the sketch is intended to exemplify the abilities, and record the successes, that the leading individuals of our class have attained. For instance we see nothing concerning Mr. J. G. Parkinson, who made himself famous at the Patent Office in Washington, D. C., and more subsequently as a successful patent lawyer in Cincinnati, Ohio. We find the merest mention of Rev. Henry Winter Syle, the scholarly deaf-mute minister of Philadelphia, a man who successfully mastered the curriculum of St. John's College, Cambridge, England, and drew forth encomiums from the faculty of Yale College, when he triumphantly passed examinations in each year of the four years' course at one and the same time. Where, also is the reference to Mr. W. L. Hill, the talented and erudite editor of the Athol, Mass., Transcript. Where the name of the venerable Edmund Booth, one of Iowa's pioneers and editor of an influential weekly—the Anamosa Lureka. Why not evidence the scholastic attainments of Profs. Draper and Hotchkiss of the National Deaf-Mute College, or the Scientific knowledge of the two deaf-mute analytical chemists, Profs. Gideon Moore, of New York, and George T. Dougherty, of Chicago. Numerous other instances of deaf-mutes who have risen above the rank and file in the world's great battlefield might have been added, in justice to the individuals themselves and with credit to the writer. Perhaps, from the nature of the article, it is impossible to make it complete, still when one sends a letter to the press with the specified object of showing what deaf-mutes can do, it is rather indelicate to skip so many of the most praiseworthy examples.

According to a writer in the Chicago Times, the affairs of the deaf-mute day schools in the city of Chicago are in a very unsatisfactory condition. It is said that the average number of pupils to a teacher is less than five. The Principal, his wife and daughter, gobble up the lion's share of the cash, receiving \$250 a month for teaching thirteen pupils. It is suggested that a deaf-mute school be built in some convenient location, where the deaf-mutes can receive better educational advantages, and at the same time learn the rudiments of a few simple trades. After they have become far enough advanced, they can enter the academic department of the State Institution. This is undoubtedly a very good plan, and the Board of Education would be doing a great thing for deaf-mutes should they adopt it.

The latest information concerning Dr. Thomas MacIntire, of the Western Pennsylvania Institution, is that the most serious phase of his illness, pneumonia, has been overcome by a change of treatment, and unless he takes cold or has a relapse, the probabilities are that he will recover sufficiently to go to Indianapolis for a rest, and if care be taken may live some time. His sickness is complicated by enlargement of the heart.

We have been obliged to leave over three columns of news until next week. We ask the indulgence of our correspondents and readers for the delay.

ITEMIZER.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Miss Lizzie Barstow, of Philadelphia, died last Saturday, of typhoid fever.

William F. Davis, of Lexington, Ind., recently visited James Prather, at Gibson Station, Ind.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet will lecture before the Manhattan Literary Association on the 19th inst., at 8 p.m.

Mrs. G. E. Risley, of Waterville, N. Y., was prevented by illness from making her contemplated trip to Connecticut.

The Koffmanns have housed 1600 cakes of ice (or about eighty tons), from 8 to 12 inches thick, at their farm in Walden, N. Y.

John A. Edmonds, the deaf-mute athlete, has just returned to South Bethlehem, Pa., after a two months' visit in Chicago.

Messrs. A. Kearny and Isaac Ries, both of Jackson, Miss., are now in New Orleans, to see the World's Exposition and Mardi Gras.

John McCaffrey and Miss Christiana Roemer were married on Wednesday evening, at the residence of the bride's parents in Brooklyn.

David C. Sampson and Daniel Shelton, of Ohio, Ind., were in Lexington, Ind., recently, and made a pleasant call on William F. Davis.

The deaf-mutes of Cleveland, O., will have their next social in one of the rooms of Grace Church, on Wednesday evening, February 12th.

William Ennis wants "Bison's address. Mr. Ennis says he agrees with Mr. Thompson's suggestion in regard to a reunion of High Class graduates.

Mr. George Walters, who formerly lived Mr. E. Benedict as a farm hand, is somewhere near Union Springs, at present. He is looking out for a good place to work.

David S. Eis, of New Corydon, Ind., had a narrow escape from losing his eyesight by an explosion of melted lead. He and Peter R. Butcher are talking of going to Colorado next fall.

Rev. Mr. Mann baptized two persons at the afternoon Service of Grace Church, Cleveland, on Sunday Jan. 25th. The day was the eighth anniversary of his ordination to the Diaconate.

To-day Mr. J. R. Pimm and his wife are at Union Springs (where Mr. Pimm's mother resides) to be gone some days. Miss Della Beardsley has returned from her long visit in Watkins, N. Y.

A deaf-mute, claiming to be from Canada, and calling himself Blasco, was in Oskaloosa, Ia., begging. He is about five feet in height, bald-headed and has gray "Burnside" whiskers. He is fifty-three years old.

The Brothers Abe and Louis, of Crawfordville, Ind., are visiting their sister, Carrie Bischof, of Terre Haute, Ind. Her brothers are very handsome and highly respected Hebrews. Carrie will be at home all this winter.

About two weeks ago, last Sunday, as the weather was very favorable and sleighing splendid, Mr. J. Pimm and his wife went to Victory, N. Y., to spend a day with Mr. and Mrs. E. Benedict, and had a splendid time. Mr. Pimm drove his nice four-year-old colt.

Thomas Delp, Solomon Bacharach, John Ward, Maggie, Agnes and Mary Powers, in company with other ladies and gentlemen, spent a pleasant evening at a party in Philadelphia on last Saturday evening, and enjoyed it very much. Maggie and Agnes Powers and Mr. Bacharach are grand dancers.

Vital Basioot writes from Minnesota that a friend of his, who is a conductor on the railroad, named Carlin. Mr. Basioot also adds that a speaking lady, from Lowell, Mass., told him she knew a deaf-mute, named Ernest Des Rochers, whom he knew while at the New York Institution.

Bills were distributed on Monday last, announcing a race on roller-skates, at the new rink, on that evening, between two young men, who had not spoken a word to each other for more than ten years. A large crowd was present, and at about nine o'clock the floor was cleared. Messrs. Frank Widaman and Robert Ward, both mutes, appeared on the floor and the race began, which was closely contested, Ward winning by half a lap. The distance was one and one-fourth miles; time, five and one-half minutes. The prize was a good pair of skates. Much interest was taken in the race.—Irvin, Pa., Chronicle.

CHICAGO.

The Pas-a-Pas Club of Chicago has probably made a new move in the history of deaf-mute societies, but was only following the custom of hearing associations for literary or scientific purposes. The President of the club made an suggestion at a regular meeting that we might well confer the distinction of honorary membership on a limited number of prominent mutes, male or female, living in various parts of the country, who have rendered themselves by success in their several professional or business pursuits, or have risen above the masses by force of superior talent and character, and whose works have reflected great credit on the mute class. The suggestion was carried, and a considerable number of names were proposed by the members. Many of them were rejected, and others voted as worthy of the honor. Those elected are as follows, classified by States:

NEW YORK.—E. A. Hodgson, John Carlin and Jacques Loew, New York City; Mrs. Laura R. Searing ("Howard Glyndon"). PENNSYLVANIA.—Rev. W. H. Syle, Philadelphia. DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—Profs. J. B. Hotchkiss and A. G. Draper, Washington. MASSACHUSETTS.—Geo. A. Holmes, Boston; W. L. Hill, Athol. NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Thomas Brown, West Henricker. OHIO.—Jos. G. Parkinson, Cincinnati; R. P. McGreggor and Robert Patterson, Columbus; Rev. A. W. Mann, Cleveland. ILLINOIS.—Miss Angie Fuller, Savanna; Rev. Frank Read, Jacksonville. IOWA.—Edmund Booth, Anamosa. VIRGINIA.—Rev. Job Turner, Staunton. Letters have been signed by both the Secretary and President, and sent out to each of the above mentioned persons, notifying them of their election.

CHICAGO BOARD OF EDUCATION.

A COMPLAINT REGARDING THE DEAF-MUTE SCHOOLS.—COMMITTEE REPORTS.—NEW TEACHERS APPOINTED.

From the Chicago Times.

The city board of education met last evening, all of the members present. President Doolittle was in the chair.

The following communication was submitted and referred to the committee on deaf-mute schools:

TO THE BOARD OF EDUCATION OF THE CITY OF CHICAGO.—*Mr. President:* In reference to the support and maintenance of the deaf-mute educational department, the petitioner respectfully begs permission to present certain statements before your honorable body as to why this department could and should be made acceptable, successful, and permanent. It is claimed that this mode of instruction has been in existence in the city for about ten years; yet, in the meanwhile, the membership has not materially increased, but steadily decreased, though there are over one hundred deaf-mute pupils whose parents reside in Chicago, but the majority of which attend the state institution.

Furthermore, there are also about one hundred deaf-mute children in different parts of the state, who are entitled to school privileges, but are unable to gain admission indefinitely owing to the overcrowded accommodations there. But, in Chicago, where the existence of such a department has been thus far established, there is apparently no reasonable excuse for not having a well-regulated and prosperous school compatible with the growth of the city; since the support and maintenance thereof are guaranteed by the state government, and that such a school, established and built in the city for deaf-mute children of Chicago and the northern part of the state, is not only commendable, but an actual necessity of the present and future, which should not be neglected, but taken hold of and encouraged by all your honorable body.

In the last report of your board, the annual cost per pupil of this department is estimated at \$71.53, and the number of pupils enrolled being fifty seven, and taught by six teachers. These figures are what they should not be even with so many teachers.

The expenses, or about \$4,000 per annum, appear to be very expensive when the actual facts are duly considered, which are as follows: The total number of pupils enrolled is only twenty-three, and taught by five teachers. At the rate of \$4,000 per annum for so small a school, it cannot be denied that it would cost no more to teach one hundred pupils under five teachers. And, in making a personal inspection of the said department, the petitioner, with another party, found one teacher (salary about \$55 per month) to five pupils in the Sheldon school; one teacher (salary about \$55 per month) to five pupils in the Third Avenue school, and three teachers (the principal, his wife, and daughter, with combined salaries of \$250 per month) to thirteen pupils in the Scammon school. A membership of forty-two pupils is claimed, but in actual and regular attendance only twenty-three are visible, and in a late personal interview with the principal the petitioner intimated if he would reorganize his school so as to have a larger membership in regular attendance, he replied, no; at least not for several years. He knows, by common consent, that one good teacher could successfully manage a class of from eighteen to twenty-five pupils in the primary department, but if he manages to have five teachers to educate only twenty-three pupils, there will sooner or later, be many explanations to make or unmake before the public. Hence after one year's residence in the city the petitioner had been requested to pay close observation and inquiry in the affairs of this department so as to satisfy himself of the facts herein claimed by many others who emphatically protest against too much blind charity so illy conducted. However, as this department, if rightly conducted, can not fail to be successful even with a larger membership, but owing to the mistaken notions of the present principal many parents residing in Chicago either refuse to send their children to school at all, or prefer to send them to the state institution.

Thus the petitioner has been prevailed upon to protest before your honorable body in behalf of many intelligent deaf-mutes doing business in Chicago, and interested parents who desire that a new principal should be appointed by your honorable body, or have no school at all, before the public may be prejudiced against this department of deaf-mute education in the city of Chicago.

Therefore, the many friends and patrons of the said department believe that it is worthy of your careful attention and serious consideration,—the board of education of the city of Chicago,—and that it is your desire to encourage, to uphold, and sustain the necessities and anticipations of the citizens for a creditable and commendable management of the public schools of the City of Chicago. Respectfully,

M. A. MARTINDALE, No. 853 North Clark street.

NOTICES.

The deaf-mutes of Port Chester, N. Y., and vicinity, are cordially invited to a sign service in St. Peter's Church, Port Chester, next Sunday, Feb. 15th, at 4 p.m. The Rev. J. Chamberlain is expected to preach.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Lectures.

ITEMS.

(From our Washington Correspondent).

The past week has been marked by three intellectual feasts that will be long remembered by the present students of Old Kendall. They were the essay read before the Literary Society by Mr. Dantzer, of '86, Prof. Draper's lecture on "Horace and the Horatian Poetry," and the Sunday lecture by Mr. Arbelly.

Mr. Dantzer's essay was a timely one, as it discussed the dynamite outrages which have so recently startled the whole civilized world. The word dynamite, he said, is derived from the Greek word *dynamis*, meaning power. It is made by mixing about twenty parts of nitro-glycerine with seventy-five parts of finely pulverized burnt clay. One of the advantages over nitro-glycerine is that it can be transported with less danger. In the open air it burns slowly, but is as readily exploded as nitro-glycerine by means of the detonating fuse. No definite idea of its explosive power can be obtained. He cited experiments made by distinguished engineers and scientists to illustrate its explosive force, and said that, in the opinion of Prof. Gordon, this explosive force depends on how closely confined the dynamite may be, and that one grain of the substance, if tightly closed up, would be sufficient to blow up the globe. He mentioned some of the uses to which dynamite can be applied, and then proceeded to a discussion of his subject proper—the dynamite outrages,—in the course of which he referred to the bill recently introduced to Congress by Senator Edmunds, and how it would be, if passed, practically operative.

The remaining literary exercises consisted of a debate between Messrs. Standacher and Spahr, for the affirmative, and Messrs. Gross and Barrett for the negative, on, "Resolved, that the pen is not mightier than the sword," which was decided in the negative; a dialogue between Messrs. Hofsteater, Dobson and Long, and a Declaration of "Lady Clare," by Mr. Adams.

PROF. DRAPER'S LECTURE.

opened with an eloquent tribute to the heavenly muse. "Among the fine arts," he said, "Poetry stands first. It excels painting, sculpture and music. Painting and sculpture appeal to the eye, music to the ear, and all of them to the imagination, but with more or less indefiniteness. The sentiments awakened by them are vague. Poetry embodies music, and therefore addresses the ear also; but its expression is never vague, it is always concrete, its pictures are vivid, it addresses the soul in language that the soul can best understand.

"Therefore, poetry is, perhaps, the most powerful instrument in the hands of man. It encourages armies to battle, saints to self sacrifice; the lover breathes it to his mistress; it moves the weary sailor to his task; it solaces the solitary. He spoke not lightly, who declared that he could rule a nation if he could make its songs, better than if he could dictate its laws.

"Hence every great poet is a blessing to mankind. He becomes a guide, a supporter to his readers—equally dear in joy or sorrow. When he dies, the world mourns, and if he be a true poet, his fame and his value grow greater from that moment.

"Among those who have thus endeared themselves to mankind, none is so great in his own line of efforts as Quintus Horatius Flaccus—called Horace."

The professor then gave an interesting sketch of the life of Horace. He spoke of the rare wisdom with which he was educated under the supervision of his father, of his career in the republican army which ended in the rout at Philippi, and his subsequent life at Rome and of the reciprocal affection that existed between him and Meceenas, the Prime Minister of Augustus, whose noble and daring character was shown in the words "Surge Tandem Carnifer," with which he interrupted his royal master as he was ordering those who had fought against him, to the slaughter. This friendship between the poet and minister was life long. They died within four or five months of each other, and sleep side by side on the Esquiline Hill. Horace was distinctively a lyricist. Prof. Draper mentioned the themes on which he had written, illustrated them with extracts from his writings, and said: "In his pages we lounge along the splendid Roman streets, into the Campus Martius, to see its noble horsemanship, the old men getting up their appetites with tennis, bowls, quoits—Barine flashing by, a painted beauty in her gaudy chariot—Barnes dearest to kill, and thinking all the girls in love with him—Gaius with a dead boar, his friends wondering what he paid for it—carts, wagons dogs, gaming, beggars; or we go out to dinner,—we see the wit and wine circulate fast and free till we are glad to get out and cross the Fabrician bridge, where we run against a suicide about to leap over it, and we see in him an old acquaintance, now in despair from debt; we see him home. All this, and more, we find in Horace's pages."

One of Horace's greatest characteristics was love of country, and this preference, as the professor showed by quotations, runs through all his works. Like every true poet, he was a teacher and preacher. He has had many admirers and imitators, but no rivals in his peculiar province as a Lyrist. He has been the pocket companion of hosts of bright minds, like Thackeray, like Garfield; and his influence has steadily increased with increasing culture.

The Professor's exordium was; "Young gentlemen, may I not fairly say to-night, that Horace's fame and influence have exceeded his most sanguine dreams? He, in his walks about Rome and Athens, must frequently have encountered the deaf and mute, and no doubt he shared the general opinion they were a hopelessly ignorant, incapable, inferior class. What then must be his feelings, if he now contemplates our orb from some happier sphere, and beholds in America, a continent greater than all the Roman world, in that continent a republic as grand in many respects as he wished Rome to be, in that republic a college for the same mute class which he deemed so worthless, and in that college his own poems read with interest and pleasure."

The lecture was listened to, throughout, with absorbing interest, and at its conclusion the professor was rewarded with a salvo of applause that brought our respected Emeritus-Professor on a run to see what had exploded.

MR. ARBELLY'S LECTURE.

took the place of the bi-monthly Sunday School concert. Mr. Arbelly is an Assyrian, who came to this country about ten years ago. His father was one of the first Christian converts in Damascus, and one of those who translated the Koran into English. The lecture was intended to illustrate the costumes and customs of Assyria. Mr. Arbelly wore the robes of a Moslem Priest, and was accompanied by his brother, Dr. Arbelly, who was dressed as a sheik of the Bedouin Arabs. About the platform in the old lecture room were grouped a number of the Primary pupils, who wore the costumes of the different classes of people. Mr. Arbelly speaks English very plainly, and his remarks were translated into signs by Prof. Fay, but the interest of the lecture centred in the acting. The social customs of the people, the wedding ceremony, the Muzzen's call to prayer, the fantastic actions of the howling dervishes, the graceful motions of the Eastern dancing girl, were portrayed with a realism that transported the audience, for a time, into the heart of the land of the Arabian Nights. The lecture closed with a display of the famous Moslem sword exercise, which called forth a very un-Sunday-like burst of applause from the audience. A large number of ladies and gentlemen from town attended the lecture.

The social event of the week was the party given by Mr. and Mrs. Benedict and their accomplished daughter, Miss Susie, to a number of their student friends. Mr. Benedict is a deaf-mute, who came to this city from New York about twenty years ago, and by passing an examination secured a lucrative and responsible position in the third auditor's office, which he still retains. He has accumulated a moderate fortune, and owns considerable property, including one of the finest private dwelling houses on East Capital Street, which was planned by himself, and is, exteriorly and interiorly, a marvel of good taste. He has, by study during leisure moments, learned several foreign languages, and keeps well posted on current events. He is a fine looking, well-preserved old gentleman, and he and his estimable wife make a model deaf-mute couple. Their daughter Susie has many warm admirers among the students. Among their guests on Wednesday evening were Miss Case, Miss Clark, the Misses Lily and Ray Chester, Misses Annie and Kate Elliot, Miss Fair, Messrs. Hobbs, Adams, McNabb, Hanson, Greenwell, Cloud, Dundon, Kerney, Hayden Bryant, and several other ladies and gentlemen. Charades, in which the students were the principal actors, and cards, were played until nearly midnight, when an elegant collation was served. Dancing followed, and continued into the wee sma' hours.

President and Mrs. Gallaudet have gone to New York for a few days. The pupils of the Primary Department gave a theatrical entertainment, Saturday night. Harry White's letters are very interesting. Hope we will have more of them. Mr. Chickering has offered an additional prize, to be competed for on the 27th inst. It will be awarded to the most proficient Indian club swinger. Messrs. Adams and Hanson, of '86, have gone into the undertaking business; they have bought a star bicycle, and undertake to ride it. "If Hypo" will read my "alleged apology" again, he will find that I did not say it would be sufficient because I said it, but because the explanation was a reasonable one, and doubtless applied to many others as well as myself. It was not intended to include any "Me too."

Services in the signs, will be held (D.V.) on Sunday, February 15th, as follows:—At eleven o'clock a.m., Morning Service in the Vestry room of St. Mark's Church, Tarrytown, conducted by Mr. Samuel M. Brown, of New York, who will arrange an afternoon service at a convenient hour.

Also at eleven a.m., Service in Grace Chapel, Jersey City, N. J., conducted by Rev. Anson T. Colt, and at half-past two p.m., in Christ Church, Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, E. D. The Bible Class at the latter place will meet in the Church immediately after Service; this arrangement will save time and trouble.

BALTIMORE.

Mr. Editor:—Mr. James I. Amoss, the vice-president of the Peabody Literary Club, has been ill at his residence for nearly a week, but has now sufficiently recovered to proceed on his way to Washington, where he is employed as a book-binder in the Government Book-binding Department.

The election of new officers to the club, has been decided to take place on the 18th day of February, 1885.

A masquerade party will take place on the 12th inst., and a full description will appear in my next letter. A fine time is anticipated.

A few days ago the secretary, accompanied by one of his friends, went to the skating rink known as the Olympian Rink. There he met Mr. Anderson, who began to say he was an expert in roller skating. Believing this, a pair of skates were procured, as the secretary was very much pleased with his ability to become a professor on skates. When they were fixed on his feet, I watched him with admiration, hoping to see some gymnastic performances and fancy dances on them. As soon as he commenced to perform this very difficult task, up came one foot and down went the other, amid the uproar of the spectators present. Probably they thought he was pretty well "filled up."

A debate, which would have occurred on the 18th of January last, had to be postponed, owing to the severe cold weather that night, and the small number present. The subject was to be "Brass and Iron."

From one of the articles published in Baltimore's leading journals, the following is extracted: "A man by the name of Michael Patterson, charged with being drunk, had a hearing before a Justice of the peace in this city on the 20th inst., and informed the gentleman that he was the man who blew up the London Tower, and that he still had a package of dynamite in his pocket. This announcement caused a general stampede among those present, but investigation proved that the deadliest article in Patterson's pocket was a piece of rather ugly looking tobacco wrapped in a pocket handkerchief, which he had led those present to believe was the explosive. When asked how soon he reached this country, he remarked he flew over. "It will cost you \$1 and costs," said the Justice, for frolic. "All right," sang out Patterson, "I'll blow up the house, if you look me up."

The secretary would like to know if any mutes in Chicago or the vicinity of Grand Crossing, Ill., can give him any information of Mr. Martin, a typesetter by trade, having settled at the latter place with his mother and brother a year or two ago.

There is much talk in the deaf-mute circles of this city about going to Washington to witness the Inauguration ceremonies and parade. The Secretary received a very interesting letter from Mr. John D. Trundle, and will answer whenever he finds a good chance.

Editor, "Can you give me any information of Patrick Dolan, whether he is known in deaf-mute circles or not? Have received no answer yet, neither did any one respond to my question in last issue. [Mr. Dolan is living at Harrod's Creek, Ky. We do not know where he was educated.—Ed. JOURNAL.]

To-night, the cold-water reached here, which made the mercury in the thermometer fall very rapidly. It will not be of long duration says the Signal Bureau.

Mr. Joseph Linton, one of our members, has been with his brother for nearly two weeks at Glenn's Falls on the Western Indiana Railroad, helping him in the lumber trade.

Miss Pauline Strahle, of New York City, seems to have postponed leaving this city, and may start after the inaugural of President Grover Cleveland.

What has happened to the Secretary's clum? Nothing has been heard from him for nearly two weeks. If still worse with the severe cold, poor boy, try some other remedies.

Maryland School for the Deaf and Dumb, at Frederick City, seems to be on a craze expedition with roller skates. A leading Chicago Clergyman says, "Roller skating is the device of the devil." Probably he could not find ice, owing to the disagreeable weather.

No more till after masquerade party.

SECY PEABODY LITERARY ASSOCIATION

PHILADELPHIA.

DEATH OF MISS BARSTOW.

We, in Philadelphia, have suffered a great loss in the death of Miss Lizzie Barstow. She was for several years teacher of the Women's Bible Class, and Secretary of the Pastoral Aid Society; and, in both places of duty, faithful and efficient. A remarkably sweet and noble character, earnest yet meek, she won the deep affection of her Pastor and associates. She died on Saturday, February 7th, after a brief illness of typhoid fever; and was buried on Tuesday, next Sunday, the 15th, at 2.30 p.m., there will be memorial addresses at the Church of the Covenant, by her teacher, Prof. Ortoner, and the Pastor.

H. W. S.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments. Feb. 14, Detroit, Mich.—Lecture. "15. Detroit, O.—Service. "18. Cleveland, O.—Service. "22. Chicago, Ill.—Service. A few appointments may be made between these dates. Deaf-mutes are invited to write me at No. 5 Chestnut Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

By a collision between a freight and an oil train at New Brunswick, N. J., a fire was started that devoured nearly a million dollars worth of property.

ONE of the transatlantic steamship lines is about to issue tickets entitling passengers to merely lodging and conveyance, meals to be charged for at the end of the voyage, according to what passengers have eaten. This is a concession to passengers susceptible of sea sickness.

THE Hocking Valley was greatly excited on Saturday night over rumors of a Concentrated attack by the strikers. Over four hundred shots were fired in the neighborhood of Nelsonville and Buchtel about ten o'clock, but no attack was made. Patrol trains drove the strikers off.

SEVEN horses were roasted to death during a fire in a stable belonging to Patrick McMahon, on Magnolia street, Brooklyn, early on Saturday. The loss on the stable was \$1,500, besides which the adjoining frame dwelling at No. 129, was damaged to the extent of \$500. The origin of the fire is unknown.

A BILL has been introduced in the Pennsylvania Legislature imposing a penalty of not exceeding ten years' imprisonment, on hard labor and a fine not exceeding \$5,000 for selling, transporting or using dynamite for other than legitimate purposes; also for contributing to any dynamite fund or for soliciting contributions for such fund.

ANNIE and Ella Miller, sisters, aged seventeen and thirteen years respectively, were struck by the mail express at Mapleton Pa., on Saturday last. Ella was instantly killed and Annie was seriously injured, but will probably recover. The girls were walking on the railroad track and were on their way home from a prayer meeting.

A DEFTCHART from Henderson county, N. C., gives details of a prominent farmer being burned alive. John Jenkins, the unfortunate in question, fell ill, and after a prolonged illness assumed the appearance of death and was buried. A few days after his brother exhumed the remains and was horrified to discover that the body had turned in the grave. Both hands were full of hair, which the deceased had torn from his head and beard in his frantic efforts to escape from his awful doom.

A PRIVATE soldier on guard duty at Woolwich Arsenal on Saturday night saw a man advancing toward his post, and commanded him to halt and give the countersign. The stranger neither halted nor replied, but attempted to walk past the guard line. The sentinel thereupon plunged his bayonet into the man's body, killing him almost instantly. An account of this occurrence was given in the Standard. It was exaggerated into a sensational report that the dynamiters had made an attack on the arsenal. An investigation shows that the man, who attempted to run the guard, was also a soldier and a comrade of a sentinel, whom he had tried to annoy by a silly practical joke.

In Pawtucket, R. I., just before six o'clock on Tuesday night, Mr. James M. Crawford, of the Pawtucket Gas Company, made up his accounts of the day's business, and, putting the money in his pocket, started for the East avenue office to render his account and deposit the money. While crossing the Division street bridge he noticed two men behind him, and stopped to allow them to pass. Instead of passing, one of them struck him on the head. He recognized his assailant as Benjamin Murray, a desperado of the worst kind. The attack was planned for the purpose of robbery. It was the evident intention of the men to secure Crawford's money, render him insensible and throw him over the bridge, which is seventy feet high. Murray was arrested.

By the recent death of Young Antelope, Stanley Huntley, a newspaper man, who was at one time editor of the Signal, and press, but is now in New York, becomes chief of the Teton nation. The manner in which Huntley became chief of all the Sioux tribes is like a fable. Years ago, before Sitting Bull surrendered, Huntley was sent by a Chicago paper to Northern Montana to interview the warrior. First of securing the plains, he crossed the border and became the guest of Major Walsh, at Wood Mountain, in British Northwest Territory. Here, camped around the Major's post were old men and squaws, among whom were Little Knife, hereditary chieftain of the Tetons, who were old for war and buffalo trails. Little Knife injured his leg while dismounting from a pony and the medicine men failed to give him any relief, and the old chief was given up to die. Huntley appeared on the scene, and, with a newspaper man's extensive knowledge, bound the wound with leaves and oil, and Little Knife recovered. Huntley was accepted as a doctor, and before Sitting Bull and his troops went East, an adopted sister of Huntley's was with them and recognized Huntley. Little Knife had two sons, Mountain Bull and Young Antelope. The former was killed some time ago, and now by Antelope's death Huntley becomes chief as a male relation by adoption, this tie being as strong as one of blood among the Indians. Huntley's Indian name is Waukey Wankan, or Holy Leaf.

THE joy caused by the announcement that the British forces had practically relieved General Gordon at Khartoum was very brief. A contingent was sent on from Metemneh to Khartoum, under command of Sir Charles Wilson. On reaching the city, the fluence of the White and Blue Nile, the expedition was beset from both sides by rebels. It kept on under a steady fire for four hours, until Khartoum was reached, and to their dismay, the British found it in the hands of the enemy, and were unable to discover if General Gordon were dead or alive. On the return, General Wilson's steamer was wrecked, and he and his men were forced to take refuge on an island. Just at present the British troops are in a dangerous position. The greatest anxiety is felt concerning Gordon's fate. It is not thought he was killed, unless it occurred accidentally. The Khedive of Egypt said he believed that General Gordon was still alive, as the Mahdi was too wise a man to kill him. The Mahdi had no interest in wishing the death of General Gordon, but, on the contrary, would do all in his power to prevent such an occurrence. Instant action on the part of England, he said, is necessary to prevent the further progress of the Mahdi's cause and avert new disasters. The abandonment of the Sudan by England under the present circumstances would be a grave mistake. The tribes hitherto friendly to Great Britain would now join the Mahdi, and if England does not take immediate steps to crush him, his influence may seriously threaten the stability of the British Empire in India. Since the foregoing was written, news has come that General Gordon was killed while leaving the Government building at Khartoum. He was stabbed by a treacherous pasha.

JIM JAMB

FANWOOD.

Present Agitation.

ITEMS OF THE WEEK.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The following article is taken from the New Orleans *Daily Picayune*: "The New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb has sent an extensive collection of the works of its pupils, which owing to its attractive and tasteful disposition and the intrinsic merit of many of the exhibits, compares very favorably with the similar productions of the many schools and institutions represented in the Gallery of Education."

"The arrangement of the works is very clear and decorative. No one can pass the place without approving the silent, ceaseless industry shown by the pretty seamstress and ironer, the sturdy shoemaker and diligent carpenter, represented by neatly dressed, articulated lay figures, and surrounded with specimens of lace, pin cushions and other pretty millinery, and also by well-made boots, and snits from the tailor's department."

"The Printing and the Instruction Departments are close at hand in a bench case, showing pamphlets, cards, and two numbers of the *DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL*, printed at the institution and edited by a deaf-mute, school books and special instruction books and charts of the English predicated by Dr. L. L. Peet, Principal of this institution."

"The Art Department shows very full development and a commendable tendency to train the pupils in industrial art. The mantelpiece of black walnut and oxidized silver on Linerusta. The fire screens with tapestry panels. The tiles, etc., are tasteful in design, careful in execution and do great credit both to pupils and their teacher."

The sister and cousin of George Wormeth, of Sullivan County, were shown through the Institution Thursday last.

Isaac Brockman was walking upon the backs of the benches last week and playfully remarked that he was going to commit suicide. At that instant he fell, striking his eye on what before his feet were resting. It began to swell, until the next day it was entirely closed.

Coasting parties are held almost nightly between eight and ten, at which there is nearly always a sprinkling of officers who help share the fun.

The girls are not by any means backward in making the best out of the coasting days, and we believe they are not inferior in enthusiasm to the famous Vassar College girl.

Gracie, the five-year-old daughter of Prof. Jones, although receiving no instruction of any kind of music, can imitate almost any tune on her little piano.

A roller skating rink was recently opened in the Atalanta Casino at 155th Street, and was patronized by some of our boys last Saturday.

George W. Odell was down Saturday, and seemed particularly engaged in conversation with his friend, Solomon H. Winne.

One of the directors of the Philadelphia Institution was an interested visitor on Friday and was conducted around by Prof. Currier, who is ever ready to entertain visitors.

Supervisor Howell has an invitation to attend the entertainment and Reception given under the auspices of the Benevolent Order of Buffaloes, which takes place at Turn Hall on the 5th of March next.

Deaf-mute visitors were quite numerous last Sunday. Miss Louisa Redner delighted the female portion, and Messrs. Lounsbury, Lloyd, Jr., Meinken, D. Stilwell and J. Murphy had plenty to say to the males.

The Social reunion, which was postponed Saturday before last, took place in the girls' sitting room last Saturday. It was an unusually quiet one, no dancing occurred farther than fancy dances of their own make up. Games of checkers, dominoes, etc., were principally noticeable.

The stage on which the "Enchanted Barrel," or the *Lover's Stratagem*, is to be played next Thursday, is completed, giving the chapel a theatre-like appearance.

H. P. Arms, the deaf-mute lithographer, of Philadelphia, brought up a proof of the lithograph of the New York Institution, Monday last. It is an exceedingly well executed one, comprising views of the main and school buildings, shops and mansion house, also several inside views. Copies can be obtained by sending \$1.25 to Mr. E. A. Hodgson, Station M, New York.

There were nearly twenty Fanwood boys present at the Reception given by the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union, on Monday last, and would have been attended by a good number of ladies had not the bad condition of the weather interfered. Dr. L. L. Peet was there and made his usual interesting speech, and Prof. Clark interpreted Rev. Mr. Chamberlain's remarks. Supervisors Howell and Emmons represented the officers. The pupils who appeared head over heels in the fun, were John H. Geary, James H. Caton, Tyler, Gallagher, McDonald, Koffer, Dackermann, Gloscoe, M. McMickle, G. W. Miller, Eeka, Buttery, Kiesewetter, Cotter, Wormeth and Lyons.

A debate came off before the Peet Literary Society last Friday evening on the following question: Resolved That "the system of contract labor in prisons is injurious to honest work-

ingmen?" The affirmative side was upheld by W. H. Rose, while W. G. Shanks supported the negative side. Rose won the debate. The volunteers were J. H. Geary, aft., and U. G. Dunn, neg.

At the ball of the C. L. U., on Monday evening, Master Ira Tyler acted as interpreter to James H. Caton and informed him of all that took place. Mr. Caton greatly appreciated his guide's services on the occasion.

Frank Jourdan and Rob. Heller attended a wedding party, at the house of the Brede brothers in Jersey City Tuesday last.

Mrs. Cook went to New Jersey on Wednesday to attend the wedding of her niece.

AQUILA.

Washington National Monument.

It does not seem out of place and time here to say something of the monument, and what is to be seen from it, as its completion is soon to be celebrated on the birthday of *Pater Patriae*.

Since the final placing of the pyramidal capstone and lip on the top in December, it has been thrown open to the public, and for many a day a sight of the shaft had been to us a warning for not going up, so on Saturday last we decided to start. After bowling through town in a slow car, and walking down through the White Lot south of the President's House, the foot of the lofty column of dazzling white marble was reached. Entering the giant doorway, we found ourselves in a severely plain, cool interior, with confused, uncompleted winding iron stairways up. Much to our chagrin, a half hour before the ascent had been announced; but, readers, let me, while thus waiting, tell you a little of the history of the work.

A site for a national monument near the present one was visited and approved by Washington himself, in 1783, originally as a suitable tribute to the memory of his army during the Revolution. But the present structure has since been erected for him only. It is on a small plateau near the banks of the Potomac, and its place is well chosen. The corner-stone was laid July 4, 1848, with masonic ceremonies, and in the presence of 4,000 people. (It will be remembered that President Taylor died from going there and getting overheated.) The column is actually 555 feet high, diminishing as it rises to its apex.

The outer surface consists of heavy blocks of crystalline marble from Maryland, and the inside of the wall, of rubble masonry; the inside is altogether perpendicular, while the outside gradually recedes. A great drum just beneath the floor is about eight feet in diameter, upon which the cable is coiled, and the elevator is suspended by stout cables of steel wire, one and a half inches in diameter.

"All aboard!" shouted the man at the elevator. The rush was rapid, and we soon got crowded very uncomfortably. The ascent was begun, and watches were pulled out of pockets to count the minutes. As if expecting a dynamite explosion, all was silent, with hearts thumping like that of a certain lady on entering a dentist's room. While the elevator was ascending, we noticed the iron frame-work of stairways and platforms, covered with board steps and floors, and also the memorial stones from states, foreign governments, corporations and individuals, all set in the rubble stone masonry along the sides, where the platforms are.

When more than half way up, the sunlight was dimly seen, and by that time the people began to breathe more freely, and from silence the talk at last fell again to a gabber as they approached the top. Into the broad sunlight the elevator came and stopped, having been just nine minutes in getting up. Around us were several men still at work, making final carvings. In the lower course of roof stones, there are two wide window openings cut on each side, or eight in all. We were now 517 feet above the ground, and before us the scene was certainly magnificent. No attempt at description here, would be able to convey to you a true idea of it; unless you come up for yourself. All around will appear to you clearly outlined, and the farther the level land stretches itself, the more dwarfed in their dimensions do objects look, till at the horizon they look quite like toys. The Agricultural grounds, Smithsonian parks, the Capitol, Government buildings, the bold architecture of Georgetown University, will be the most striking near objects in this panorama, while the winding river to the West and South, together with the amphitheater of hills around, are not less beautiful. It is, more than any other view we have seen, fully satisfying. It pervades the whole being. You are looking down 500 feet with a sense of dizzy altitude. We had been up there only ten minutes, when we were hurried into the elevator and sent down to give admittance to others. The whole time occupied was about thirty-five minutes.

I must not omit to name a few lofty works of ancient or modern times, to rank with the monument, viz: Tower of Babel, 680 feet, (never finished); Cologne Cathedral, 511 feet; Balbec, 500 feet; St. Peter's, Rome, 458 feet; and St. Paul's Cathedral, 404 feet.

Indeed, in appearance, the Monument is imposing and striking, but, in my judgment, not quite as graceful as it should be, because of the peak which tapers too sharp. I prefer the shape of the peak of Bunker Hill Monument to that.

A. D. B.

Feb. 2, 1885.

An Educational Topic.

SALT LAKE CITY, Jan. 20, 1885.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In a former letter to the JOURNAL, I happened to give expression to my views upon the education of the deaf-mutes of this Territory in the same building with the hearing young people of the Deseret University, and since then, letters of remonstrance or mild criticism have poured in upon my luckless head, from teachers in other institutions as well as personal friends, who expressed surprise at my sentiments upon the subject. Some have taken me roundly to task for this advocating a measure, which experience has proved in most cases to be an utter failure. Others have taxed me with the want of that jewel consistency, for it is no secret that I am not in favor of day schools nor public schools for the deaf. It is due to myself to say that I am not committed to Prof. Bell's theory of co-education but in the previous instances, I merely gave my own observations upon the subject, as it was presented to me in the conduct of my school, at the same time, touching upon a few advantages of such a system, but I ought to have added that this arrangement is only temporary and will doubt be changed, sometime in the near future, as such a method of education is more possible with a small number of pupils than with a larger one.

There is reason to believe that the Legislature at its next session will appropriate money enough to build an institution for the accommodation of the pupils of the school exclusively, upon the University grounds while their education will be carried on in the University building as ever. A handsome building, elaborately fitted out in all respects, has just been built for the benefit of the insane at Provo, a few miles from Salt Lake City, by the liberality of the Legislature. Governor Murray was honored with the appointment of Chairman of the Board of Trustees and he graciously signed the appropriation bill, but promptly vetoed the bill of \$50,000 for the University because he was not invited to a seat on the Board of Regents. We may count upon the generosity of the Legislature, but his excellency will perhaps bar the progress of the school unless he is removed by President Cleveland, and a more considerate governor put in his place. The organization of the school is somewhat peculiar, owing to different circumstances. It is properly a department of the University under the control of the Board of Regents chosen biennially by the legislature; for it must be understood that the University is a State institution partly supported by the Territory and partly by tuition fees from the students. The organization of the Department is modeled after that of the District Schools, where the Principal exercises absolute authority over the scholars and teachers, and has the right to choose his own assistants without let or hindrance from anybody. This is not a free school in the sense that is usually understood in the East. The Mormons in this Territory have no free public schools, but there is no lack of schools for both Gentiles and Mormons. The schools are supported, not by the public treasury indeed, but by the fees charged from the scholars, usually a small sum per quarter. This system will probably be done away with when Utah is admitted into the sisterhood of states. At present, the deaf-mute scholars are charged ten dollars a quarter for their instruction, but those who have no means of paying for their instruction, are admitted to the benefit of the appropriation voted for by the Legislature, but in such cases, they are designated as "beneficiaries," an unjust distinction, since education ought to be free to all, but I trust in time to remedy all defects. A serious obstacle to the increase of the school is the want of a free institution for the pupils, in lieu of which they are compelled to pay for their own board and lodging among the people in the neighborhood of the university. The school, however, is regarded in the light of experiment by the Legislature, and if satisfactory proofs can be given pointing toward the necessity of such an institution, we have no doubt that the Legislature will take immediate measures to make it permanent. We are constantly in receipt of letters from indigent parents of deaf-mutes, who are anxious to give their deaf children the benefits of the school, but are prevented from doing so by lack of means.

As the people are more than usually interested in this germ of an institution, and the leading men with whom we have talked speak warmly in favor of the school, we have no doubt of a great change for the better by the time the Legislature meets, next year. As the old proverb says, everything comes in time to him who waits, and toils on. President Park, of the University, and myself are a unit in these views.

In this connection, it is interesting to learn the *bona fide* results of Prof. Bell's System as practised in other schools for the deaf. I shall take the liberty to make a few extracts from a letter of Prof. Delos A. Simpson, under date of the 11th inst. It must be remembered that Prof. Simpson is occupying the position of Principal of the St. Louis Day School for Deaf-Mutes, in the same building with the hearing children of the city. As the advantage of longer experience than myself, with keen powers of observation well developed, and a reflective mind inferior to none. In clear well expressed words he says, "I have forty pupils, most of whom have been in school over four years, and though there are semi-mutes among them,

not one has yet cared to mingle with the hearing pupils. They do not even join them in their play. The most friendly feeling exists between the deaf-mutes and their hearing school-mates, but they seldom occupy the same part of the play ground together. Sometimes there is a friendly feeling of rivalry between the two, each trying to introduce a greater and more interesting variety of games than the other. Beyond that, however, they seldom notice each other. The deaf-mutes have long ago ceased to be objects of curiosity to the speaking children, and if any of the latter have been so ill-natured as to call the mutes names, they have been doubtless punished, for it is noticeable that only the street Arabs and those who afterwards left the school feel any security in abusing the mutes. I do not think that anything Prof. Bell may do can ever induce the mutes to forsake their own class and associate exclusively with the hearing people."

This impartial testimony might be regarded as conclusive upon the subject under consideration, but as Prof. Simpson deals strictly with the social aspect of the case, Prof. Bell may find something in it to uphold his own theory. From an educational point of view, however, the system does not seem to be so advantageous, as was ably shown by the Editor of the "Annals" in a spirited controversy with Prof. Emery, of Chicago, not long ago, the arguments of which, for want of space, cannot be quoted here. If there is another side to the mooted question, Prof. Emery cannot do better than to present it to the world from purely a social point of view, leaving the educational advantages out of the discussion.

Respecting the German Method which is worshipped as a sort of *fetich* by the Articulationists, much as the study of *Greek* is regarded with a blind devotion by the *savants*, vide Charles Francis Adams, Jr. Professor Simpson deals a few telling blows against the popular superstition, for it is such and nothing else, in the following words: "There was a young German of good family spending several months here, and I had frequent opportunities of asking him about the German oral schools. He denied that Articulation was the only thing taught in his native country. The method generally adopted in Germany is what we call the Combination Method. The mutes there use signs freely and organize societies, clubs, etc., and meet in conventions just as we do. This young man is tall, broad-shouldered, and handsome, and possesses considerable natural intelligence, but I could see that his education is limited. Too much time I think was wasted on his vocal organs. His lack of acquaintance with history and mathematics is painfully apparent. But then he can speak orally," say the advocates of the oral method. True, but were I a congenital deaf-mute, I would not exchange a third of what I have learned through the manual method for the ability to utter a few words parrot-like! As I have said before, nothing in the world can suppress the use of signs among the mutes. So natural is it for them to use signs, that if their arms should be tied, they would talk with their feet!"

If that part referring to the method prevalent in Germany is true, which I have no reason to doubt, then the advocates of the oral system in this country have been guilty of wilful deception and unconscionable cheek for which they deserve to be exiled to the Vaterland. My attention has been called to the astounding discovery made Prof. Westervelt of the Rochester Institution concerning the *total extinction* (?) of the natural instinct in his pupils to express themselves in signs, in and out of the school room. Allow me to doubt that statement. Without meaning to question Prof. Westervelt's sanity, I am forced to the conclusion that he has allowed his enthusiasm to run away with his judgment. Not being acquainted with the extent and power of the sign language as a vehicle of thought, the reverend gentleman has evidently made an *argumentum ad absurdum*. He has been successfully "bamboozled," as the saying goes, by his own pupils from fear of the rod. Even the most gifted semi-mutes fall into the habit of using the more convenient as well as expressive language of gestures. Here, the experiment which has been for years, attempted under more favorable conditions of success and enforced by strict discipline in the oral schools but failed, has at last been perfected by a method so stiff and tiresome as to deserve the title of a galling yoke! It is all nonsense. I know myself and I know deaf-mute nature too well to swallow such a story as that. Prof. Westervelt has been misled by appearances. That is all.

HARRY WHITE.

BROOKLYN.

DEAR EDITOR:—The Brooklyn Society held their regular weekly Meeting at 198 Grand St., in the Tuttle Building, and elected the following:—President, Henry Juhring; Vice-President, Edward McConville; 2d Vice-President, Jacob Swartz; Secretary, Chas. E. Green; Treasurer, J. P. Jjams; Sergeant-at-Arms, E. B. Smith.

The Society is again doing well and gaining very fast, and they are talking of having a picnic in the early part of summer.

Mr. Pratt has gone to his home in Middletown, Conn., and his wife will follow next week. She is at her mother's home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Juhring went over to Harlem Sunday, to spend the evening with Mrs. Weinberger.

Chas. E. Green would like to hear from his old schoolmate, Mr. John Michaels, who was educated in Staunton, Virginia. Green's address is 63 Lee Avenue, Brooklyn, E. D. N. Y. Mrs. Barnard, Mrs. Wise, of Boston, Mr. Pratt and mother, also Miss Hannah Henry, Mr. Frank S. Senior and Mr. Geo. Rynolds, called on Mr. and Mrs. Juhring one day last week. There is some talk among the mutes of this city, of taking a trip to the Worcester Festival.

Mr. Powhall resigned from the Brooklyn Society, because he must attend the Catholic Society's meeting every Wednesday, in New York.

The Brooklyn deaf-mutes collected eleven dollars and handed it over to Mr. Powhall for the benefit of the Japan deaf-mute mission.

Mr. Robert Paterson, of Brooklyn, has removed to 70th Street, New York City.

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THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Manhattan Literary Association meets every Thursday evening at 8 P. M., in the basement of the City Church for Deaf-Mutes, 18th St., near 5th Avenue. Its regular business meetings are held every first Thursday of each month, debates every second, and lectures every third. Its object is to improve the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of its members. All communications relating to the Association should be sent to the Secretary, Fred Hoffman, 124 East 4th Street, New York City.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

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DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, an ALPHABETICAL ORDER a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its cards. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Tuttle Building, 198 Grand Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: William G. Powhall, President; W. A. Bond, First Vice-President; Charles E. Green, Second Vice-President; Henry Stengle, Secretary; Henry L. Juhring, Treasurer; Jacob Swartz, Sergeant-at-Arms. The Secretary's address is 397 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Thos. Grady; Secretary, Mark Aronson. Divine services, first and third Sundays, alternate, at A. M. Educational classes, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Regular business meetings, every second Wednesday, at 8 o'clock. Address all communications to Deaf-Mute Society, Young Men's Christian Association, No. 232 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, at eight o'clock Wednesday evening at 8 P. M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 30 West 16th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. George Miller, President, and Abraham L. Manning, Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1022 Sarah St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CINCINNATI ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at Pender's Hall, 192 W. Fifth Street, first and third Saturday in each month, at 8:30 P. M. Ardine Rembeck, President, 19 W. 3d St.; and Otis Vance, Secretary, Secretary's P. O. address is 201 W. Seventh St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

CLERG LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clerg Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P. M., in the Park Building (2nd floor), St. Stephen's P. E. Church, 10th St. above Chestnut St. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. George Miller, President, and Abraham L. Manning, Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1022 Sarah St., Philadelphia, Pa.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Thomas Brown, President; Almon Smith, Treasurer, and Willie E. White, Secretary. Rev. Samuel Rowe, of Westford, Mass., is the missionary appointed by this mission to preach the Gospel to deaf-mutes in this State for the present.

PASA-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pasa-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and friends. Its motto is, Pasa-Pas—"step by step." Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month, at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, third floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E. Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The club is officered as follows: President, Geo. T. Dougherty; Vice-President, Chas. Angley; Secretary, C. Colby; Treasurer, Champ L. Buchanan. Address President or Secretary Pasa-Pas Club, care Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at the St. Louis Young Men's Christian Association, on 11th and Locust Sts. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business. The club is composed of the club are principally of a social nature, but the literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be addressed by the President, from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, W. T. Campbell; Vice-President, J. T. Bowe; Treasurer, James C. McQuinn; Secretary, William Stafford; Sergeant-at-Arms, Henry McCamley. Durbank, Secretary and John T. Tillinghast, Treasurer, Geo. B. Keniston and W. Bailey, Executive Committee of two.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

The Deaf-Mute Christian Mission holds its annual meeting every two years in February. Its object is as follows: To encourage the formation of union societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities, and to interest all friends of humanity in Christian work in their behalf. Toward this end, the mission is organized into local societies who are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves. Its officers are as follows: P. W. Packard, President; James P. Durbank, Secretary, and John T. Tillinghast, Treasurer, Geo. B. Keniston and W. Bailey, Executive Committee of two.

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THE NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEWARK.

Meets every week, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, in Rector Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are